

Death throes of democracy

by Joe Heath

The Dead Kennedys, a San Francisco quartet, have never gotten along very well with certain elements in the American Religious Right. These antagonisms have resulted in a court case which may put vocalist Jello Biafra in jail, and seriously threaten freedom of musical expression in the United States.

On December 6, 1985 a 14 year old girl in the San Fernando Valley purchased a copy of the Dead Kennedys' album, *Frankenchrist*, as a present for her 11 year old brother.

The album had a sticker on the front which read, "WARNING — the inside fold-out of this record cover is a work of art by H.R. Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive or offensive. Life can sometimes be that way."

The poster was a reproduction of the painting, 'Landscape 20 — Where are we coming from?' by H.G. Giger, a Swiss surrealist. The original currently hangs in a private gallery in Paris, and has appeared in various magazines and books. Giger is most famous for his Academy Award-winning set design for the movie *Alien*.

The mother of the two children, upon seeing the poster, wrote a letter to the state attorney's general office, calling the poster "pornographic."

Police Raid

Maximun Rock 'n Roll (MRR), an alternative music magazine, reports that "on April 15th, the day after Reagan bombed Libya, three Los Angeles cops took a free trip up to San Francisco. As a 'courtesy' they were joined by six SFPD officers."

The nine policemen raided the offices of *Alternative Tentacles*, the Dead Kennedys' record label, and Biafra's apartment. They seized three copies of the *Frankenchrist* album with the poster and some miscellaneous paperwork.

On June 2, 1986, the Los Angeles City Attorney's Office charged Biafra and four others under section 313.1 of the California Penal Code, "Distribution of material harmful to minors." The charge carries a maximum sentence of a \$2000 fine and one year in jail.

In early October, Biafra also learned that four Detroit, Michigan Shriners were suing for \$45 million because their pictures appeared on the cover of the *Frankenchrist* album. The cover photo originally appeared in the bicentennial edition of *Newsweek*, and had been reproduced with the *Newsweek's* written permission.

The first to fall

Biafra believes that the case initiated against them is merely the first step in the push for censorship by the American Right-wing.

Paul Krassner, editor of the *Realist*, commented, "The consistent history of censorship is that they'll always go after the most outrageous first, to set a precedent for the less extreme... They'll go after the *Dead Kennedys* before they'll go after the *Rolling Stones* or *Cyndi Lauper*."

Biafra told the *L.A. Weekly*, "The larger question in this case is 'Are we going to let a few loudmouths on the far Right make public policy?'"

"If the parents don't want their kids to see the poster, why are they so lazy that they expect the police to do their job for them? If I had a kid, and that kid walked in with some kind of artwork — be it a comic book, a record, a videotape of a *Rambo* movie, or whatever — that rubbed my fur the wrong way, I wouldn't call the police. I wouldn't try to have the artist arrested," he said.

"Just confiscating the piece of art and throwing it away, or sending it back to the store and calling the cops is not going to teach the kid that maybe there's some real moral flaw in that artwork. All that's going to teach him is that Daddy's a fascist. Daddy is also a lazy fascist, if he wants the police to do his work for him."

The defense

Biafra is being defended by American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Carol Sobol. To battle the estimated \$30,000 legal fees, the No More Censorship Defense Fund has been established.

According to Sobol, "The poster speaks for itself: it is art. I don't think (the law) was intended to go after replications of art that has appeared in legitimate arenas."

Biafra explained to MRR why he chose the painting. "I first saw the painting in an issue of *Penthouse* (April, 1980) with some other Giger pieces. The first thing that hit me was, 'this is the best metaphor I have ever seen for consumer culture on parade.'"

"The theme of this record is how graphically ugly our national mood is becoming, and how ugly we are allowing it to become," he said.

Exploitation?

Biafra told the *L.A. Reader*, "The way the painting depicts the sexual act isn't exploitation, but a degrading of the exploitation itself."

"We are not porno mongers. We, as a band, stand against exploitation, against sexism, and against glorification of violence. If people are gonna talk about what is harmful to minors, they might want to take a long look at films like *Rambo* and *Iron Eagle*, which teach kids that war is sexy and fun," Biafra explained.

Outside support

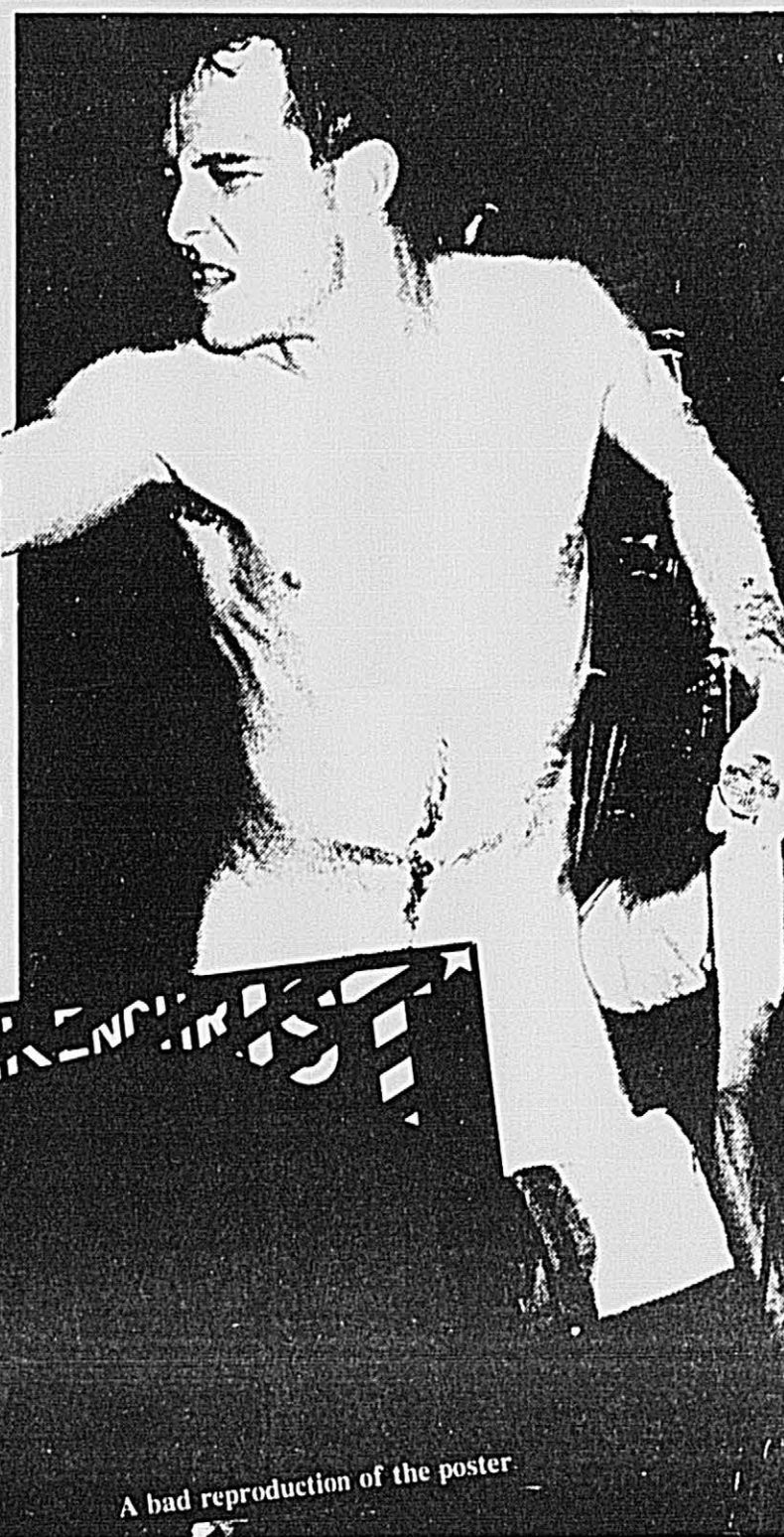
The Dead Kennedys have received verbal and financial support from numerous people. Frank Zappa is quoted in the *L.A.*

Weekly saying, "There's a lot of bucks involved in this. Jello Biafra is just a tool that's being used to help move this point along. Last year it was Prince, who's gonna be next."

"Of course they didn't prosecute Prince... because (he) can hire a good lawyer... They figure (Biafra) doesn't have the money to fight the case. It's really a cowardly system, performing a cowardly act, responding to a cowardly parent," said Zappa.

Others have expressed support, including William S. Burroughs, and Abbie Hoffman, who said, "The charges against Jello Biafra and the censorship of the *Dead Kennedys* genital poster shows that South Africa hasn't cornered the market on flaming assholes."

The case is related to the activities of the Parents Music Resource Center (PMRC), a Chris-



A bad reproduction of the poster

tian rock censorship lobby group. The *Dead Kennedys* were accused of "explicit violence" on the PMRC's 1985 Rock Music Report for the song *Religious Vomit*, which contained the lyrics:

Blow it out your ass Jerry Fallwell / Blow it out your ass Jessie Helms / Blow it out your ass Ronald Reagan / What's wrong with a mind of my own?

As well, in the February 12

issue of *Variety*, PMRC member Susan Brown called the Giger poster "shocking" and "obscene."

An information packet on the defense fund is included with the *Dead Kennedys* latest album, ironically titled *Bedtime for Democracy*. It explains, "The common chord in all of these (PMRC) critiques of modern rock seems to be that the music itself is somehow responsible for the frustration and rebellion in our

culture, and that only their narrow interpretation of Christianity can save the youth."

The *Dead Kennedys* have broken up, but Biafra is still fighting the charge. In the long run, he sees the case as a positive thing. In January's MRR, he is quoted saying, "It's finally sounded the alarm for a lot of people who were snoozing."

Donations can be sent to the Defense Fund at PO Box 11458, San Francisco, California, 94101

Bedtime for the Kennedys

Politically and culturally, the *Dead Kennedys* have produced some of the most important music in contemporary American society.

Their latest album, *Bedtime for Democracy* is in some ways the most daring they've put forth yet.

Although some would say the two concepts are mutually exclusive, this album is good hardcore. It rolls along quickly, you can sorta hear the lyrics, and it has a decent bit of musical variation. It sounds more like *Fresh Fruit*... than *Frankenchrist*, no frills, no metal.

To put it mildly, the *Dead Kennedys* aren't too keen on capitalism, militarism, organized religion, sexism, racism, or

Reaganomics. They do, however, support individuality and co-operation.

The real gem on this album is a locomotive version of David Allan Coe's *Take This Job and Shove It*. Other songs like *Cesspools in Eden*, *Chickenshit Conformist*, and *Macho Insecurity* convey their concern about the current state of Western society.

There's even some Canadian content! Sings Jello:

*In Toronto someone blew up
A cruise missile warhead plant
10 slightly hurt, 4 million
dollars damage*

Why not destroy private property

*When it's used against you
and me*

*Is that violence
— or self defense*

You tell me

There is also a lot of criticism directed against the hardcore community. Jello begins *Chickenshit Conformist* singing,

*Punk's not dead
It just deserves to die
When it becomes another stale
cartoon...*

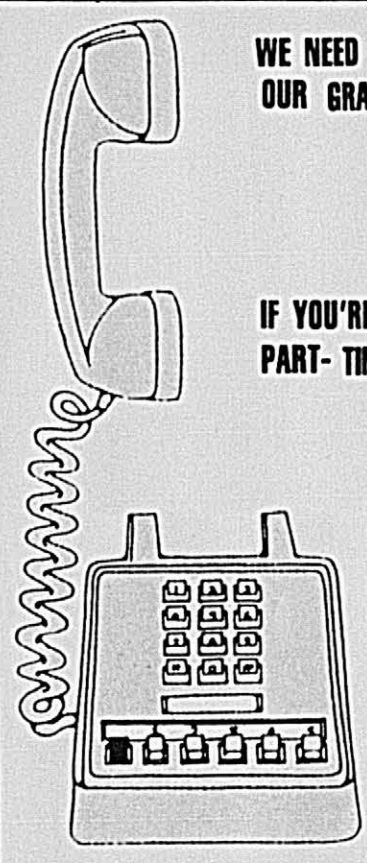
*If the music's gotten boring
It's because of the people
Who want everything to sound
the same*

The album was released within a month of the band's announcement its official demise. Probably quite a few of these songs would never have been recorded if the band had planned to stick around and catch the backlash.

The album is a loud, abrasive, and highly suitable end for a musical era.

Quick tip: Human League tickets for Tuesday are available at Sadies only \$10.50 for students, down from \$18.50.

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Brewing love with African onions

by Chris Cavanagh

Don't be fooled by the simplistic satire of the opening scenes of *Love Brewed in an African Pot*. Lured into the film by a seemingly stereotypical and gentle love story, rich girl meets poor boy, you are then treated to a roller-coaster ride through cultural indecisiveness.

Aba (Anima Misa), the daughter of an ex-civil servant, returns home from boarding school where she had been sent by her father to "get a good education, become a lady and learn the fear of God."

She immediately takes up the station of obedient daughter in this household. We are treated to a rather satirical look at Ghana's new urban elite, left behind by the European white colonials to administer the country as best they can: the white middle class way.

Kofi Appiah (George Wilson), Aba's father and soon to be a pensioner, drives a Volkswagen, lives in a comfortable suburban house and has his wife (and now his daughter) serve him hand and foot. One scene shows us Kofi reclining, smoking his pipe and getting a pedicure from his wife as Aba sits patiently waiting on his pleasure.

The suppressed physical violence of this scene erupts when

Aba protests her parents' arrangement of her marriage to the son of an influential district councillor. Aba has fallen in love with Joe Quansah (Reginald Tsiboe), a fitting mechanic. Her parents are as mortified by her desire to marry Joe as she is distressed at the 'arranged' marriage to the 'lawyer' Bansah. She is allowed to do as she pleases but not until her father has struck her.

Love Brewed moves easily from comedy to melodrama and finally tragedy. Kwah Ansah, who directed, wrote and produced this film, skillfully manages these transitions by continually foreshadowing each change in tone. During the comic and touching scenes of Aba's and Joe's first days of marriage Aba finds herself bolstering Joe's waning self-esteem. It is Joe's low self-esteem, fed by society's rejection of him as a semi-literate fitting mechanic, that drives him to eventually flee Aba.

Love Brewed is a complex tale, an onion of many layers. Peel one layer back and it is a story of societal violence against a strong-willed woman; another layer reveals the newly class-conscious Joe, oppressed by the values and wealth of the Ghanaian middle class. Still another layer is an underlying theme of the film: the conflict between traditional values



and the imported values of the Western colonizers.

Kwah Ansah, in an interview with Associated Press, said "I want the world to start realizing the African is now aware and trying to rediscover himself." Ansah makes some beautiful and empowering contributions to this rediscovery; notably in the beach scene where Aba goes to see Joe compete in a wrestling match — half-dancing, half-boxing — accompanied by the

stet rhythm of clapping hands and the powerful chanting of hundreds of voices.

There is also a rather pointed juxtaposition made between the traditional wedding ceremony of Joe and Aba, passionate and joyous, and Kofi's dream of the wedding-that-might-have-been, a gala affair of the upper class, cold, staged, and shallow.

"We must accept ourselves, accept our heritage and rediscover our traditional values in a modern context," Ansah told the Associated Press.

The profound cultural indecisiveness is seen in many characters as they do battle with themselves and their emerging and, as yet immature, class consciousness. Joe screams at Aba that he cannot come home with her from the bar, he has found his 'class' and he waves his hand around the room at a dozen drunken men.

Kofi does some serious reconsideration of his behaviour after he is confronted by an elder tribesman, a relative, about his

'white soul' and in a moving and believable manner recognizes his daughter's oppression at his own and society's hands. When he fears Aba has gone mad he doesn't hesitate to seek out a magical remedy.

The subtle presentation of ideology never obscures the love story, comic then tragic, and in this lies the success of the film. It is through the sharp focus on the love story that we can see clearly expressed the cultural contradictions, class consciousness, violence against women and other themes of the film.

Love Brewed is a fine film, at once enjoyable and educational to experience.

Love Brewed in the African Pot will be shown at the Office of the National Film Board (200 Dorchester West) on January 26 at 7:15 pm, and in Room H-110 of Concordia University (1455 de Maisonneuve West) on January 30 at 9 pm. Admission is \$5 and all proceeds will go to CUSO (Canadian University Service Overseas) projects in Ghana.

10 jours... 48 heures

by Natasha Pairadeau

10 jours...48 heures, a documentary concerning fishing and fishermen off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, had its première showing at the Cinéma québécoise last Thursday evening. Prior to the screening, Georges Dufaux, director of the film, described his work as, "un travail qui vous prend complètement," and lauded above all, "la qualité des gens qu'on rencontre".

This documentary does justice to the community examined, by strictly bearing witness to its quality of existence. The camera becomes an eye through which one can see this quality as a way of life, and not just another issue.

The title *10 jours...48 heures* refers to the schedule of the trawler *Zandberg*, around which much of the film is centred. The fishermen spend 10 days at sea, followed by a fleeting 48 hours on land with their families. Life at sea is interspersed with interviews and footage of wives and children on shore.

The camera cannot avoid the frank monotony of such a life. Despite the stereotypes, sensitive

camerawork allows the viewer concentrated moments of insight. One's perception shifts when focussed upon great chunks of ice crushed and thrust like spears from the bow of the *Zandberg*, while the trawler leaves a furrow in its wake as it ploughs through the frozen crust of ocean.

Meanwhile, the crew sit buried in the bowels of the trawler, watching television; perhaps a subtle comment on how familiarity numbs the fascination of one's surroundings.

In a community in which seventy to eighty percent of the population is dependant on the fishing industry, the topic permeates every aspect of life. The fundamental first grade lesson of identifying a boat as a boat is grossly oversimplified to children who see trawlers, sailboats, and tubs as completely distinct. In praising the resolution of a six month strike, crippling to the economy of the whole community, a local priest sees fish in a god-like aspect.

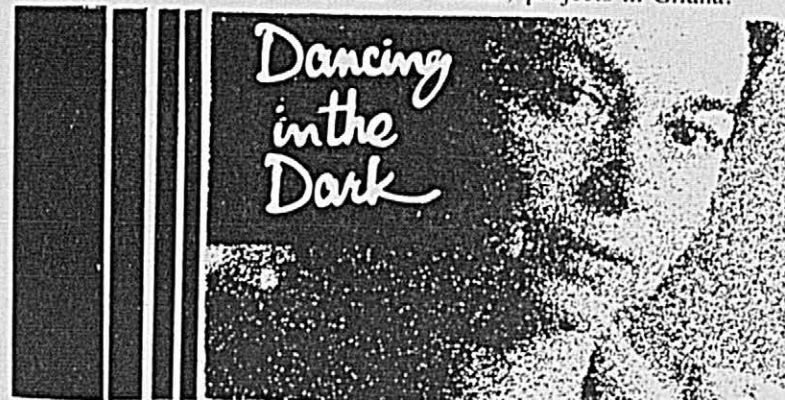
The evident enthusiasm to work following this strike is flatly coupled with the tedious nature of the work, and the separation it causes.

10 jours...48 heures is in one sense a dull, if honest documentary about fishing. It is also a wry comedy about the plight of dead fish. Helpless fish are seen being rudely hauled out of the ocean by the thousands, and released from their nets to slither down to the hold of the *Zandberg*, only to be deftly gutted in two swift hacks.

The hell these fish endure is carried to extremes in the factories of Fisheries Products International. One of their employees smirks, "a job is a job," but one wonders how he can endure the quotidian flipping of fishtails in his face without sensing an element of ridicule.

This ridicule is extended for the fish, to the humiliating processes of being prodded, poked and shaped into frozen blocks, only to be processed and reshaped to resemble fish. The spokesperson of FPI remarks, "We're trying to eliminate the taste of fish".

This documentary succeeds not by intruding upon its subject, but by standing aside. It examines various angles without imposing those angles upon the viewer; it reveals a way of life both seen from within, and observed from without.



by Fatima Jaffer

Edna McCormick is the perfect housewife. Her life revolves around her compulsive obsession with keeping her house in order. When that world is shattered, so is her hold on the only reality she has ever known.

Dancing in the Dark is Canadian writer/director Leon Marr's psychological exploration into the mind of a middle-aged housewife, whose retreat into madness stems from her innate inability to express her identity.

It is a powerful film that resists

the attempt to moralise or draw conclusions for the voyeur. Martha Henry's haunting portrayal of Edna, combined with static visuals, sporadic dialogue, and the continuous voice over narration result in a disturbing film experience.

The most lingering image is the fantastical clumsy solitary dance that Edna allows herself after her act of madness. The pathos of the scene emphasizes the ultimate frailty of the human spirit.

Dancing in the Dark plays its final night tonight at Cinéma V.

On the road to the movies

by J. Peter Nixon

I've never met anyone who read Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* and didn't im-



mediately have an insatiable urge to hop in a car and take off 'somewhere, anywhere.' Kerouac and his books have become mythic texts for generations of restless youth, terminally bored with the endless cycle of 'work, consume, die.'

It is the enormity of the Kerouac myth that producer/director John Antonelli tries to deal with in his film *Kerouac*, using a combination of authentic footage, stills, docu-drama, and interviews.

Antonelli has taken on a difficult task. Kerouac is considered not only the primary spokesperson for the 'Beat Generation', but the quintessential Beat as well. The word conjures up images of a decadent subculture wired on dope and dexies who cooled down in late night bars to the furious jazz of Bird Parker and Thelonious Monk.

But the film shows Kerouac as a sensitive, creative individual, more a chronicler of the Beats than their leader.

The film traces Kerouac's life from his birth in Lowell, Massachusetts, chronicling his education, his early desires to be a writer, and his brief stint with the military, which ended when Kerouac threw down his rifle during a drill and retreated to the base library.

From there, we are shown Kerouac's struggles as a writer, his continuing search for a publisher, and the amazing success that came with the publication of *On the Road* in 1957. Kerouac found success difficult to handle and the film does not shy away from showing Kerouac's tragic decline into alcoholism, which contributed to his early death at the age of 47.

One of the film's major strengths is the reading of Kerouac's prose over visualizations of scenes from Kerouac's novels. To hear Kerouac read is to get the full flavor of the jazz rhythm that was so important to his writing.

Also enjoyable are the interviews with other Beat Generation greats such as Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs. Interesting comments about Kerouac are provided by Edie Kerouac Parker, his first wife, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Beat poet, and Father Spike Morrisette, Kerouac's Parish Priest, who calls Kerouac "a modern saint."

One of the film's negative aspects is something that is characteristic of Beat literature generally: its overriding 'masculinity', a sort of male bonding that often seems to exclude women from the discussion.

One of the people interviewed was Joyce Johnson, whose novel *Minor Characters* looked at the Beat Generation through a women's perspective. The clips of her interview in the film do not mention this nor is there any other feminist criticism of Beat culture in the film, save for a brief comment by Edie Kerouac Parker about Kerouac's "macho" that she says was not really part of his personality, but a result of general societal pressure.

The film is successful in separating Kerouac the hardworking writer from the myth of Kerouac as the 'divinely mad' artist who, like Mozart, produced perfection without revision. The film shows that Kerouac was heavily influenced by Thomas Wolfe and Walt Whitman, and that he wrote constantly, always considering himself a serious writer.

The film ends as it begins, with a clip of Kerouac on the Steve Allen show, reading from *On the Road* with Allen's jazz piano punctuating Kerouac's gravelly East Coast voice. His rhythmic performance of the last lines from *On the Road*, "I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty," stirred in me the old desire to take off for wider, freer spaces, that I felt when I first read the book. It's a good ending to a good film.

Kerouac premieres tomorrow at Cinema V at 19h00 and will be showing throughout the rest of the month. If you've read any of Kerouac's books (and even if you haven't) this is a film well worth your time.

HAROLD NORSE The Love Poems

1940-1985



Hotel room love

by Brian Walker

Harold Norse brews up some strange flavours in *The Love Poems*.

In his verse cocktails he mixes together the calm American delight in the ordinary with an equally gleeful recounting of his life as an erotic buccaneer.

Norse, who is a self-professed "good gay poet", has gathered together 45 years' worth of verse recollections and called his book *Love Poems*. A better title would have been *Sex Poems*. The book isn't about love at all, but about the various boys that, over the years, Norse has watched in bars and followed through streets and blown in hotel rooms.

Norse begins his pursuits in New York and Europe in the 50s, when he was loosely associated with the Beat writers. Allen Ginsberg makes a few shaggy cameo appearances in the poems, James Baldwin pops up, and even Paul Godman shambles on for a few pages:

*anarchist Shelley of coldwater flats
on your bicycle over the bridges
loving the pastoral urban scene
dashing to handball courts for quickies*

Norse's poems are written in the plain, conversational style that marks many of the American poets formed in the fifties and sixties. At its best, this style brings a clarity to everyday events, turning up the footlights on metro rides or nights at café tables, making them seem epic and grand like 'he wars and adventures that were all

the rage in earlier poetry.

The danger in this style, for a gay writer like Norse, is that it can slide so easily into slack porno-chatter;

Ignoring the young hot cock throbbing

*in tight white pants on my bed
how long can I go on about travel
fares and news of the day?*

Norse also lapses into gay-lib polit-talk:

*Homophobia is
an exceptional sickness
in psychopathology
Akin to antisemitism*

But *Love Poems* has its moments, such as

*They're stunning and I'm stunned,
numb*

*with unsatiated looking. I can't eat
the page*

*with its bevy of dramatically edible
boys. But*

*as an old goat, maybe I can subsist on
a diet of paper.*

And Norse, especially in his early works, is a whiz at creating intriguing structures for free verse. When his plainspeech actually works, it can be compared with the best of Paul Goodman, or Allen Ginsberg.

The poems collected in *Love Poems* are far from twentieth century verse at its greatest. But for its anecdotal interest, and for an interesting sketch of one of the most fascinating periods of American writing, it is well worth a look.

Love Poems is available at Librairie Androgyne, 3636 Boul. St. Laurent.

supple

Opiu

by Sophie Wilson a

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by Susie Petersio

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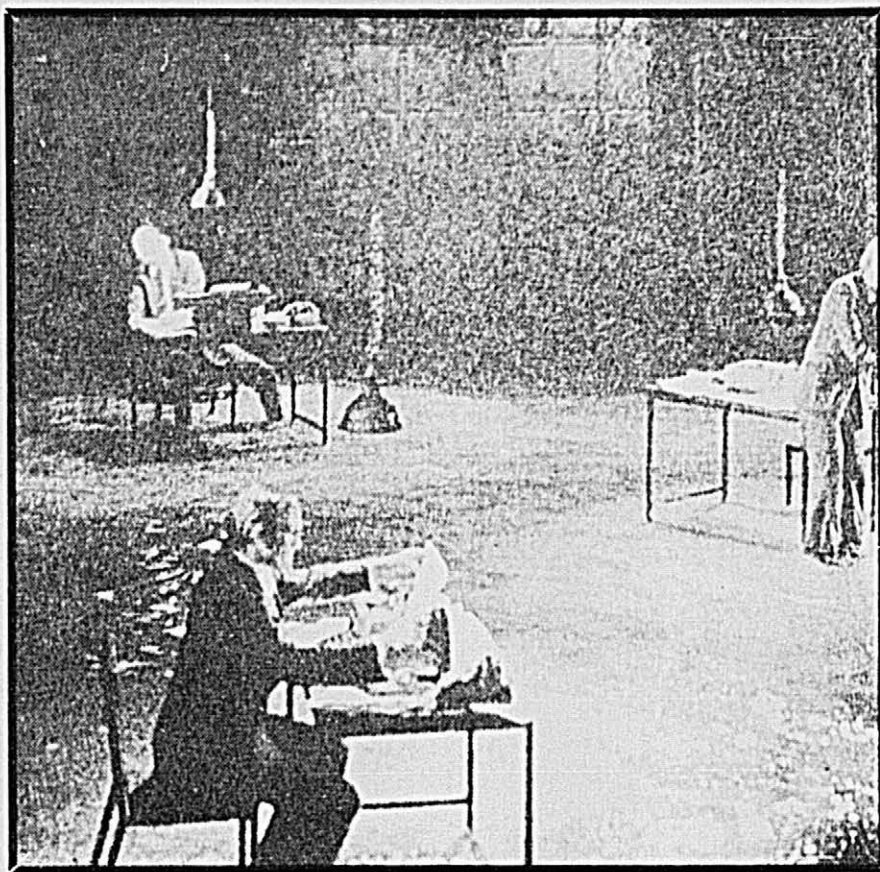


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Daily Photo — Stroh Purdy

The acting and scenes performed are overacted. A man screams in utmost pain as he hurls himself down the set of

stairs. A woman squats on top of a mashed Austin mini screaming silently and writhing in an orgasmic birth/death ritual.

Stark, angular and sharp, the shadows and hues created by the sparse lighting add a strong dimension to the performance. The sound, reminiscent of Jarre, Eno, and various industrial catastrophes, shoots overhead like a '747 taking off. It is a perfect compliment to the play's expressionist imagery, and the violent shifts of mood. This intensely visual and aural extravaganza is almost worth the close-to-Forum prices.

Like so much of the Modernist prose Lorne Brass has apparently been reading lately, *Opium* deals self-reflexively with absolutes and water. In the end, *Opium* can only be seen as a play about what it is not: its lack of message becomes its ultimate message.

As native Montréal art, it is excellent. Although quite well done, it suffers from the seemingly rootless extremes of emotion (no one ever tells you why they writhe with tears in their eyes). Twelve dollars for an hour of theatre is a little steep, almost as bad as union wages, but if water turns you on, go see it.

Fishing in the wind

by Fatima Jaffer

It is bizarre that a québécois author would set a novel in a fictitious anglophone fishing island off the Gaspé coast. That *Les Fous de Bassan* (In the Shadow of the Wind) by Anne Hébert should be successfully translated into film is truly fantastic.

Director Yves Simoneau has taken Hébert's tumultuous symbolism and staccato literary style, and created poetic and visually stunning cinema.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WIND

(Les Fous de Bassan)
orig. vers. with Eng. s.t.



Sparse dialogue separated by lengthy silences maintains a constant tension and attributes weighty meaning to each phrase, seascape and facial close-up.

Themes of good and evil, sexual repression and release and Christian hypocrisy and redemption emerge in the story of 23-year-old Stevens' return to the fishing village after five years in the "real world." He has returned, he explains, "to escape the wind" — his own violent passions.

Yet everywhere, the isolated villagers are fearful and hostile, and the wind slowly mounts throughout the film. Violent sexuality, a suicide and the rape of 16-year-old Nora by the priest reveal the 'demons' in each character, which everyone but Stevens unsuccessfully attempts to suppress with religion.

"Fish are like religion: They keep you safe," Stevens mocks his fishermen friends. But the evil surfaces, because as the priest says, "Nothing shields us from evil; we are all made of flesh and blood."

The viewer is occasionally on uncertain footing, as realism shifts into the surreal. The story is told from several perspectives — the impersonal camera's, Stevens' (at 23 and as an old man), the Priest's, Nora's and also from Steven's beloved mentally retarded brother Percival. Locked up in his room, Percival is perhaps the only one shielded from the evil. And it is Percival's rejection, as well as Stevens' failure to entice the woman he loves to run away with him, which brings us to the violent conclusion as the storm erupts.

The haunting soundtrack complements the tension of the superb cinematography. Simoneau explained his emphasis on unorthodox film techniques in a recent *Gazette* interview, saying "the way you do the film — the form itself, that is the message."

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life, while Silverstone seems to be missing the ethereal qualities of an Allen character. However, Silverstone as the oafish salve in the internal play gives a strong performance.

Dierdre Fitzsimons wanders on stage doing a spectacular Blanche Dupois in a very funny bit that, along with strong performances by the other supporting characters, makes this play enjoyable.

Allen's writing, as always, is impeccable, and this comes out most forcefully through the monotone lines spoken by the chorus: Nina Bregman, Gillian Deacon and Ruth Marshall.

One should never mess with a good thing, and doing just that is a problem with this production. All external references have been unnecessarily changed to reflect Montréal society, but the original references, probably to Allen's beloved New York City, would have maintained both their integrity and humour.

You're absolutely right

by Theo Argitis

My friend came up to me and said, "We have to raise tuition fees, so we can get the lazy people out. And when we get the lazy people out, we'll have a better education."

I turned to my friend and replied, "You know my friend, you're absolutely right."

So my friend was absolutely right, and I went looking for a job. There was a big company on the other side of the city and I knocked on their door. I was told to go to the back. I worked all day.

"I'm not lazy now," I thought to myself.

One day my boss, Mr. Hale, came up to me and told me he simply couldn't pay me four dollars an hour anymore, and that I would have to leave. I looked at him and said, "You know, Mr. Hale, you're absolutely right."

They couldn't afford me anymore, so I left, and walked up these large massive steps of this building downtown. This lady gave me a cheque, and a hostile smile.

"They're taking care of me. Oh, what a country," I thought.

So I was living in a great country. I went out and rented a one and a half. No furniture. That wasn't for me, just an empty but beautiful room in a beautiful country. Not only that, but I bought myself a new pair of socks, with taxpayers' money. It was cold.

It was cold, so I bought myself a new pair of socks. Nothing fancy, just warm. On the way home, I saw a man in my one and a half.

"That's a nice pair of socks you bought there with taxpayers' money," he said.

So I had a new pair of socks, but the cheques never came again. I lost my one and a half. What will I do. Oh, what will I do. "There's always the mission," I thought, "Oh, what a great country."

So I went to the mission in this great country only to be told that there was no room for me. "Where will I go," I asked, "What will I do." I heard the man at the door reply, "We're sorry, you came too late."

"You know, you're absolutely right," and I went to see a friend at his street corner. He was sitting down working. "Change please. Dimes. Nickels," he kept on saying.

"Oh, what a great country," I thought to myself.

So, my friend was sitting at the street corner working, when my old university friend stopped and looked at us in this peculiar way. I didn't understand his look, until he said, "Why don't you bums go out and find a job like everyone else. You're just lazy."

I thought to myself for a minute. I smiled at the stranger and said, "You know, my friend, you're absolutely right."



Anne Hébert

Let's skip the introduction

by Elizabeth O'Grady

I saw some big hype at the section of *Vancouver Now/Vancouver 86 Insertion* that I visited. For example, I read about Vancouver in the curator's introduction to the show: "...almost a mythical city...because of its geographical site." I have nothing against Vancouver, but I think the key word here is 'almost'.

The introduction did its best to prepare me for great things: "Among the underlying contemporary issues that guided our choice, let us mention those works which express feminist and social concerns, those which

voice today's mythologies, those which quote and reactivate history, those which bring about fundamental transformations on the industrial cycle and on consumer goods, those which strategically take up the media to better criticize them and undermine their influence, finally, those which mainly intend to reveal occulted dimensions, be they psychological, poetic or mystical."

That sounded good but then I read on: "...natural tendency to analyze and criticize currently accepted values..." So what else is new. It got a bit grandiose at the

end: "Together, they resolutely confront what is soon to be History." Impressive, huh? I felt I had been put in the correct frame of mind to see the paintings. Unfortunately, the hype of the introduction, as well as their own characteristics, made the paintings fall a little flat.

Allison Clay's piece, 'Cross by the Sea', of 1985, oil on canvas, consisted of two panels about 6 feet by 10 feet each. On the left panel, a bright red cross eight feet high glared out against a background of dark blues and greens and purple. The paint of the background was applied with a very broad brushstroke, calm in

some places, more churning in others. So what?

The right panel showed an almost abstract stormy sea and yellow cloudy sky, with a red horizontal line dividing sea and sky. The water was swirling busily with turquoise, brown, ultramarine, khaki, and a splash or two of light orange. In the middle, a huge wave was cresting with white highlights and spray depicted by thinner strokes of paint. So what?

There were some shapes that could be a boat or two but I really wasn't curious about it. Maybe it's me, but the whole painting did

nothing for me. I could see some potential themes in it, but no themes and no feeling emerged strongly for me.

Two works by Graham Gillmore were shown, both 1985, both oil on canvas. I found 'Seeds' and 'Diana' more interesting than 'Cross by the Sea', and part of the reason was the urgency I sensed in Gillmore's work, which did not strike me in Clay's.

'Seeds' shows a number of objects scattered around the canvas over a background full of subtle patches and streaks of different colours.

The central image was a funnel shape surrounded by blackly outlined amphitheater seats.

The second image was the torso of a woman holding a plate of fruit. It looked like something Gauguin would paint if he were alive.

It gave me an enjoyable sense of discomfort.

'Diana' features the same funnel shape as the previous work. The 'funnel' was mostly a pastel colour and the background various murky greens. The greens seemed to be encroaching on the pastel of the funnel shape and this gave an ominous, threatening feeling.

The third artist, Richard Prince, has not produced a painting but a ...Thing. It's called 'The Large Wheel', dates from 1984, and is made of plexiglass, aluminum, wood, some light synthetics, an electric motor and water. The ...Thing stands away from the wall and dominates the surroundings.

The most fun about this...Thing is that from ten feet away, you can't tell that it's moving because it's going so slowly, so you can play all kinds of neat tricks with your eyes.

'The Large Wheel' is also fun because it relaxes and causes tension at the same time. The humming of the motor, and the slow rotation, are calming in their quiet regularity.

This section of the Vancouver 86: Insertion doesn't exactly "resolutely confront what is soon to be History" any more or any less or any differently than any other art around, but it's still worth seeing. Just don't waste your time reading the introduction.

The Vancouver Now/Vancouver 86: Insertion is a multiple gallery exhibit. The work I saw is at Gallery Article, 4060 Saint-Laurent, until February 1st. The gallery is open Wednesday to Sunday, 12 to 5.



All the rage in London

by Darlene Dunn and Kirsten Fenton

Sitting around a picnic table littered with empty bottles and cigarette packages, a bunch of people are listening to last night's tape of their gig. They're Ukaze, a band that takes fun and entertainment seriously. Bassist Jeff explains, "We just want to play and have fun. It's too bad people couldn't put politics away and stop fucking up tomorrow."

The band's name has political roots of a more idealistic nature. The name Ukaze is an old Russian word for 'our law' or 'our dream'.

In last week's show at *Fountaines*, they were incorrectly billed as an all women band. Jeff, one of two males in the five piece band, says he plays with Ukaze simply because "they're great." Lead vocalist Roze reacted to the misprint somewhat sarcastically, saying, "Sex is sex. Might as well sell it."

Ukaze was formed by Roze in London, Ontario two years ago. Having recently acquiring a new drummer, the band feels cohesive enough to start putting together material. The majority of the songs are written by the women of the band.

Their music ranges from dreamlike to hardbitten and acidic. Always in the foreground are Roze's powerful yet sometimes 'girlish' vocals. Her

voice is a dominating force with incredible range and volume.

The band's influences are varied, although Iggy Pop and Bowie seem to be favorites. "Iggy, Bowie, and Lou Reed have been around for twenty years and have progressed. The Stones have stayed the same, the same grind," says Jeff. The 60s and 70s also have a large influence on their sound.

To date, Ukaze has released 'Shadow Dancer' on an underground London compilation, and a single 'The Rain'.

Like any new band, Ukaze has had difficulty funding the extensive touring necessary for popularity. They would like to see an agency connecting alternative clubs across Canada in order to give bands a greater chance of exposure.

As Christine says, "At present there are a lot of good bands who are lucky if their manager knows people. It would be better to have an alternate agency and there's a fair bit of money to be made in it. Most of the support comes from single promoters who run out of energy and money and get fed up."

Roze sums it up between licorice bites, "Doctors and lawyers are an important mix in society, but many things seem so ridiculous. I play my music because I like this world. Lots of music is reflecting and wishing for something different. I just like to play music."

THE **mcgillDaily**

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Artists! The Film & Communications Students Committee needs a design for the upcoming Student Film Festival. For more info call: Pia 274-6149 or Roslyn 678-0784.

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Montreal Neurological Hospital: want to volunteer? Still not signed up? You have until Friday, January 23 to sign up. Phone John Hale, 288-0463.

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John Esdaile on *Critical Appraisal of
Ecologic Association Studies* at 13h00 in
Purvis Hall.Graduate Christian Fellowship meets for
lunch and discussion. Cookies provided.
12h00 3650 McTavish. info Stanley
489-7683.Library workshops: periodicals Learn
how to find articles in periodical indexes
and abstracts. 10h00 and 16h00 at the
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Multi-cultural Society holds its Fiesta
Extravaganza's Gala dinner buffet of
ethnic foods from McGill's cultural clubs
with live entertainment at 18h00 in the
Union Ballroom. \$7 McGill students, \$8
general. info Karen Diaz, 392-8922.Social Work Film Series features
Unemployment: Voices from the line in
room 110 of Wilson Hall at 13h00.McGill Anthropology Dept. David
Thomas will speak on *The Mechanization
of the Ethnographic Eye: Photography and
Anthropology c. 1850-1890*, at 16h30 in
Leacock 738.McGill Student Pugwash will discuss
How science should be taught in room 426
of Burnside Hall at 19h00

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